‘Novel’ Pain

I wasn’t poor, being not rich
Life was fine, thanks to hope
All that changed, owing to muse,
With one ‘novel’ passion pure
Affairs I had, twelve of them
Unknown to the lovers of books,
Cold-shouldered by publishing folk
Manuscripts those twelve make pillows
In my bed to cause nightmares,
With hope dead, I can’t dream
Now I’m poor, robbed of hope.

This was penned before I turned the 'twelve' into free ebooks